

ARMY STORES IN ENGLAND.

CHAT WITH A LONDON GOVERNMENT CONTRACTOR—MADE-OVER GOODS.

I spent an evening with Mr. William Pope, one of the largest dealers in army stores in England, and in the course of the interview he told me several curious facts in connection with the business.

"Why, bless me," said the wealthy dealer, "there have been times when I could have clothed and equipped a good sized army on a day's notice. I once had an old chapel full of rifles, a warehouse full of swords, a hundred thousand helmets and as many coats, trousers and boots. But the rifle business, like the discarded rifle, is broken up now."

"Why is that?"

"It was after the Phoenix Park murders. The great market for the rifles had for many years been Ireland. The government became alarmed and the order was issued to break up all the rifles, and as the order has never been rescinded I suppose they will go on breaking them up until doomsday. At any rate there are no more rifles to be had."

"But were not these rifles very old fashioned?"

"Of course they were, but that was all the better for the South African trade. The natives liked the old flint guns with the stocks painted red. Why there is an establishment at Brandon, in Norfolk, making flint locks to this day. It even pays to take out the more modern locks and substitute flint locks. These flint guns and old swords are sent out in barrels and exchanged for palm oil, which comes back in the same barrels. Before the Phoenix Park murders I employed 100 men cleaning up and repairing government rifles, muskets and firearms of all sorts. I have received as many as 20,000 in a month. Now the British government employs men at £3 a week to break them all up."

"What else do you buy of the British and continental governments besides implements of warfare?"

"Why, bless me, my young friend, I buy everything; tents, blankets, picks, shovels, boots, gloves, gaiters, helmets, saddles, harness and accouterments of all kinds."

"Do you examine them before purchasing?"

"Don't examine one. It's what you Yankees call trading out of sight and unseen. You pay down your money and you find out what you've got when you begin to assort, according to value. I employ 500 people at times in the various departments of my business, and if you would only reduce your tariff I could soon employ a thousand."

"What do you do with the old boots?"

"Well, I'm not so much in the old boot line. There isn't much in that unless you make a business of it. I have a friend who has a factory employing 500 or 600 men, and he literally makes old boots into new. He buys all the army, all the police, and in fact all the old boots he can lay his hands on. They are taken to pieces and the leather cleaned and redressed, and a new boot or shoe constructed out of the good pieces of leather, and all sorts of smaller articles made out of the best part of the worn out pieces. He makes a very durable hob-nailed boot, which is known in the trade and bought by costers, farm laborers and railway porters. This is called translating."

"What becomes of the uniforms?"

"Most of them go abroad. The oil skin capes and cork helmets go to India, the brass helmets to the Cape, and the tunic and policemen's uniforms to South Africa. You see, as trousers are dispensed with, red jackets are rather a drug, though the natives do buy them, and lengthen them a bit with white cotton cloth. The cast off court suits worn by officers are rare things to get hold of. They are renovated and sold, with a few peacocks' feathers thrown in, to the chiefs. They are always in demand, and bring good prices. The pride these natives take in their uniforms is astonishing."

SWEEP OVERBOARD BY A CYCLONE.

A FEARFUL STRUGGLE ON A WRECKED BRIG IN MID-OCEAN.

The vast expanse, the loneliness, the perils of the sea are not realized by the sailor so long as he has a ship under him and comrades about. One may float and drive for a week in a dismasted craft without sighting a sail, but if he has the company of officers and crew he will take it as an incident to be expected in his calling. A ship may drive for days before a terrific storm, all reckoning lost, and each plunge seeming as if it would be her last; but so long as the regular officers are in command, sailor Jack feels that the craft will somehow pull through, and he does not lose his heart.

A more singular incident than one which occurred while I was one of the crew of the ship *Stranger* is not to be found in the records of the sea. We loaded at Liverpool for the cape and ports beyond, on the west coast of Africa. Our last port of call was to be Zanzibar. Before leaving the docks at Liverpool, two or three of us took down the map hanging on the wall at our boarding-house and traced out the course. When we came to figure up the distance we were amazed. When we came to figure on the perils of such

a voyage we wondered how many of us would live to see the palms of Africa. The average landsman sees a ship pull out of her dock without asking or caring which way she is to go, how long the voyage is to be, or what the perils of her course. Perhaps it is not his business to ask or care. Each vocation in life has its profits and perils, and it is seemingly left to each toiler to work out his own salvation.

Well, we had touched at Port Natal, to unload some machines, and were headed up for the Mozambique channel, when we got caught in a cyclone. It came on about ten o'clock in the morning and we had everything snug to meet it. Two coasting schooners, both bound our way, had come out of Natal with us, and when the storm came howling down both were in full sight. Inside of twenty minutes one foundered and went to the bottom and the other we almost ran over as she drifted bottom side up. We had a big craft and she had taken out enough cargo to float like a cork, but within an hour the sea got up until a mill pond constantly washed our decks, and now and then a wave came over the rail, which filled her until we stood hip deep in the frothy water. We had to knock away a portion of her bulwarks to give her a chance to unload, but even then there were occasions when it seemed as if she could not rise with her burden. I don't remember that any of us were frightened. Both watches were on duty; the officers alert, and we knew that nothing could be done except to stand ready if any sudden peril menaced us. We were not lying to, as would have been the case in a roaring gale. With the wind screaming and shrieking along at the rate of eighty or ninety miles an hour, no ship could have been held up to it, even if she were not driven under stern first.

I had been sailing for fifteen years and yet had never encountered anything like this storm. The anger of it was appalling. It seemed determined that nothing made by the hand of man should survive it. When we slid down into the great hollows between the waves the wind was lost to us on the decks, but it roared and shrieked through our topmasts like 10,000 mad devils. Then, as we slowly climbed the steep hill of water the ship seemed to stand almost perpendicular on her stern, the wild blasts struck us again until every man had to hang on for his life. When we were in the full embrace of the storm the report of a field piece could not have been heard twenty feet. I had only one look astern of the ship. A £5 note would not have hired me to look again. A great wall of water, crested with six feet of froth, was rushing down as if to roll over us, and I shut my eyes and held my breath. It lifted the ship and flung her forward as a boy might toss a toy ship, but I would not look again.

It was about noon and I was making my way aft to tell the captain that we could make out some sort of a wreck on our port bow, when we were swept by a wave from stern to stem. My grip on the life-line was broken as the waters rushed over me, and the next instant I knew I was being carried over the rail. As I went I bumped against two of the men, buried over their heads in water, but hanging on for life. I clutched at one of them and tore a piece from his jacket, and thirty seconds later I was overboard for good and trying to get my head above the foam, which piled up on the surface like yeast. When I did get a look around me the ship was a quarter a mile away, and just sinking into a hollow. I know it has been the case with most sailors who have been put in such peril that no hope of salvation existed, that a feeling of exultation was born. It was so with me. I had a profound pity for the poor fellows aboard of the *Stranger*. Their danger seemed far greater than mine. They would drive on until the ship grounded or struck a rock, and every soul of them would perish on the cruel ledges or be drowned in the clutch of the deadly undertow. My death would be easy and without pain. All I had to do was to cease struggling and sink down, down, down to a peaceful sleep below the yexed surface. I was doubtless drowning when this feeling was upon me, but something occurred to arouse me. Some object bumped against me, and instinctively I reached out toward it. It was a part of the cook's galley or house. The wave which had swept me overboard had smashed the house and sent one whole side of it after me. I can remember that I knew what the object was, and that I grasped it and felt that I had a chance for life; but then comes a blank. I suppose I was buffeted about until I lost consciousness, but I had a grip on the wreckage which even death would not have released.

The next thing I remember was a feeling of thirst. I thought I was wandering in the woods in search of a spring, and the longer I hunted the more thirsty I became. I was about to slide down a bank into a dark ravine, when I opened my eyes and found myself extended on the wreckage, either hand gripping so firmly that it was only after several trials that I could open my fingers. The wind had gone down a good deal, and with it some of the fury of the sea, but I was still being tossed about in a very uncomfortable manner. The sun was about half an hour high, and as the events of the day slowly came back to my befogged brain, I figured that it was now coming on to sunset. Half an hour later, greatly to my surprise, the sun was much higher, and by and by I was forced to the conclusion that it was morning and that I had floated all the afternoon and all night. Hunger and thirst soon proved the correctness of this conclusion. As

the sun came up the wind and sea went down, and before noon I was pretty comfortably fixed, though stiff and bruised from being so much knocked about. Hope and ambition were slow in coming, and it was fully midday before my mind was clear. Did I hope? Yes. Hope is the last thing to desert a sailor, no matter how desperate the circumstances. It was almost hope against hope, however. I understood something about navigation, and I knew that it was a circular storm which struck the ship. There was no telling how large the circle, or whether the *Stranger* was on the outer or the inner edge. I afterward learned that we were very near the center, and did not feel the force as much as ships 100 miles to the south or west. A greater part of the island of Madagascar was ravaged, and terrible havoc was created seventy-five miles from Port Natal, East London, Georgetown and the Cape. Two whalers 120 miles to the west of us were dismasted, and two others went down with all hands.

I think it was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon when, as I was heaved up on a sea, I caught sight of a craft dead ahead of me and not more than a mile away. I didn't wake her out very well for a time, as there was a haze in the sky and the spray flying about me, but when I drifted nearer I found her to be a dismasted brig. It was a mercy that I was driving straight down upon her, for I hadn't the strength to turn my unwieldy float an inch in either direction. There were no signs of life about the wreck, and I made up my mind for a tremendous struggle to get aboard of her. She was a hulk, and being tossed about like a cork, and there was no telling how long she would float, but I felt that if I missed her I should drift away to an awful death from hunger and thirst. It seemed as if Providence guided my float. The wreck was stern on to me. This was proof that her wheel had been lashed, and that her steering gear was all right. You would have thought she would drive faster than my float, and I was surprised that she didn't. It was found, as I may tell you here, that one of her anchors was overboard, with ten fathoms of chain attached to it. This gave her a heavy drag, and my pace was twice as fast as hers. When I came up I drove past her stern on the port side, missing her by not more than four feet. There was a lot of her top hamper on the port side, held there by ropes which had not been severed, and I drove into this mess as we went into the trough of the sea. Climbing up the height beyond, the wreckage slewed in toward the hulk, and I seized the opportunity to grasp a rope and draw myself on board. I did not get there before receiving several hard bumps, and when I was safe on deck I had to sit down for awhile to recover my breath.

The decks were in a terrible litter and a good share of the bulwarks on the starboard side had been washed away. Boats, booms and everything else movable had gone, and it was plain enough that the brig had been wave-swept. As a sailor I could tell by the feel of her that she had little or no water in her hold, and that was the main question with me just then. The first move I made was to begin at the ropes holding the wreckage alongside. I had my sheath-knife to work with and later on found an axe, and in about half an hour I had the satisfaction of seeing everything go clear. The hulk made less work of it riding the waves after that and the danger of having a butt started was disposed of for good. It was only after I had cleared the wreckage away that I felt hunger and thirst come upon me, and I put away the axe and looked around for water. The scuttle butt was lashed firmly in its place, with a cork in the bung, and after a little hunting I found the drinking can and indulged in a long and refreshing draught. Not a drop of salt water had entered the barrel. To satisfy my hunger I must go below. The brig was built in the old-fashioned way, with the cook's galley, steward's pantry and all that sort of thing below decks. I found everything much knocked about and broken, but in the coppers was a piece of beef thoroughly done, and I soon turned up a fair supply of ship's bread. With these articles of provender I returned to the deck and ate until I was thoroughly satisfied.

Not the slightest suspicion that any one living was aboard had crossed my mind. Indeed, I was only too thankful that I had not encountered any dead. I was about through with my meal and was thinking of making a careful investigation below, when I was suddenly seized from behind, flung violently to the deck from the main hatch, and I found myself on my back, with a man on top of me, his hand on my throat and his knee on my chest. It came upon me so very sudden that I had no strength for a time. It was only when the stranger raised his other hand, which clutched an iron belaying-pin, to give me a blow on the head, that I put forth any effort. It was well for me that I was in the prime of life and possessed lots of strength, for he was a burly fellow, and determined to do for me. I tore his clutch loose and put forth a great effort and turned him over, but we had a terrific struggle before I conquered him. I did not get the better of him until I had given him a rap over the head with the same pin. While he was unconscious I tied his hand and foot, and then for the first time got a good look at him. He was a common sailor, strong as a bull, and without doubt, a lunatic. Fear of death had unsettled his mind and led him to hide himself away when the others left the brig. He had looked upon me as

an enemy and no doubt intended to take my life.

Well, after I had the man securely tied, he recovered consciousness, and it was well that I had not been sparing of rope. He made Herculean efforts to break loose, and being now in a state of frenzy, he would have been more than a match for me. His screams and shrieks and curses were awful to hear, and I left him securely tied to the deck and descended into the cabin. Scarcely anything here had been disturbed by human hands. I found the brig's log, and from it I made out that her name was the *St. Joseph* and that she had been up the coast on a trading voyage. She had a cargo of fine wools, hides, furs, spices and dried fruits, and carried a crew of twelve men. The last entry in the log told of a fair run and fair weather. Her cargo I got from her papers. When I had thoroughly ransacked the cabin, I went forward to the fore-castle. The men had gone without their bags. Then I went on deck, found the sounding-rod, and sounded the well. The brig did not have two inches of water in her. I was fussing about for a couple of hours, and during all that time the lunatic never ceased to scream and shout and try to burst his bonds. When I finally got around to see if I could not do something for him, he all at once subsided and would neither look at nor speak to me.

During the afternoon the wind was constantly falling and the sea going down, and the weather put on such a settled look that I grew very hopeful. I was aboard of a hulk, drifting I knew not where, and had a dangerous man for a comrade, but there was plenty to eat, the brig was dry, and the chances of being sighted and rescued were good. It was a long afternoon to me, though I was kept busy rummaging about and clearing up the litter. When the sun finally went down the night came on hazy, and the wind fell to a two-knot breeze. I was in a great quandary as to what to do with the man, who seemed to have been asleep for several hours. I lighted the ship's lanterns and hung them overboard, and then, about two hours after dark, I carried the man some tea and bread and canned fruit. He lay on the broad of his back, and was deaf to my soothing words.

I held up his head and put the tea to his lips, and in an instant he seemed to go wild. By a mighty effort he loosened the ropes—I afterward found he had gnawed some of them in twain—and next instant he was upon me. Neither of us had any weapons, nor was there opportunity to secure one. We grappled each other, and in less than a minute I saw that it was his life or mine, or perhaps both. He was seeking to drag me to the broken bulwarks and I was seeking to prevent it. He had a grip like death, and, as we struggled back and forth amidships, we tore the clothes off each other and used our hands and feet whenever there was an opening. He was the stronger, but I could use my fists the better, and this evened us up. I said that we had no weapons. I had my sheath-knife, but I did not propose to use that until I felt that my life depended upon it. The time finally came. I was growing weak, while he seemed as strong as ever. I was just about to loosen the grip I had on him with my right hand, and reach for my knife when there was a great shout from the bows, and a number of men came running along the decks and a voice, which I recognized as that of the mate of the *Stranger*, called out:

"What is this? Who are you? What is going on?"

"Lay hold of him, Mr. Jameson; he's crazy!" I shouted, and with that four or five men seized him and flung him to the deck.

Now let me tell you what had happened. I was lost overboard from the ship about midday. Six hours afterward she sprung a leak, and was abandoned just before she went down. The crew got away in two boats, outlived the storm, and were heading up for Madagascar when they sighted my lights and altered their course to make the wreck. They had hauled the hulk several times, and finally came aboard just in time to prevent a deed which would have been a burden on my peace of mind forever after. The crew which left the brig were never heard of more, while the lunatic died next day after our men came aboard. Not a man from the *Stranger* was lost, and we rigged up the brig and took her to the cape, and the salvage more than paid for the loss of our ship and cargo.—*New York Sun*.

A MONSTROSITY.—At a village called Quebrada Honda, on the road to Nueva Segovia, in Nicaragua, there resides in the house of its parents a peculiar specimen of humanity. It is a boy of about 14 years of age, with the body of a child of two years and the head of a full formed man. The face is well shaped. This peculiar little creature is kept in bed. It eats a large quantity of meat, which it is continually asking for, and exhibits the best of spirits, laughing and chatting with every one it sees. The *Diario Nicaraguense*, from which we copy the above, adds that those who go to see this infatigable monstrosity declare it possesses the powers of divination.—*Panama Star and Herald*.

The *Jornal do Comercio*, of Rio Janeiro, says that on a hemp farm in Brazil seven large monkeys have been taught to cut hemp and prepare it for sale. They work more quickly than negroes and the cost of feeding the animals is trifling.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

The Restoration of the Gospel and Destiny of the Saints.

Religious services were held in the Tabernacle, Sunday, July 31st, 1887, commencing at 2 p.m., President Angus M. Cannon, presiding.

The choir sang the hymn:

Arise, O glorious Zion,
Thou joy of latter-days.

Prayer was offered by Elder Robert Campbell.

The choir sang:

Sweetly may the blessed spirit
On each faithful bosom shine.

The Sacrament was administered by the Priesthood of the Second Ward.

COUNSELOR DANIEL H. WELLS

addressed the congregation. He said it was a pleasure to again meet with the Latter-day Saints. To say that he was gratified was but slight expression of his feeling on his return from his latest foreign mission. He felt that his voice was not strong enough to be heard over the large hall. He had a testimony, and knew that God had spoken in the last days and revealed the plan of salvation for all who would receive it. The Gospel of the son of God was not a contracted plan. The Apostle spoke of the glory of the sun, of the moon and of the stars. These were all degrees of glory, and embraced the whole human family who would accept salvation. As Jesus said, in his Father's house there were many mansions. Not only was the Gospel preached to the living, but to the dead, Jesus having opened the door to the spirits in prison. Salvation in either of the glories spoken of could not be received except by conformity with the ordinances of the Gospel. Jesus said that except a man was born of the water and of the Spirit he could not enter into the kingdom of God. This ordinance had to be performed for the dead as well as for the living. Those in the spirit world could bow to God, could repent, but could not be baptized, as this was an ordinance of the flesh. The Lord had therefore provided a way whereby the living could be baptized for the dead. The Latter-day Saints were not as circumscribed in their faith as the Christian sects, who erroneously consigned the majority of mankind to an endless hell. The Saints could not accept this doctrine, knowing as they did that the dead would have the privilege of repentance.

The present age was in the evening of time. The Lord had inaugurated this, the last dispensation, preparatory to the coming of Christ in power to reign on earth. When the Gospel was preached to the nations He would come and establish the kingdom spoken of by Daniel, the Prophet, which would fill the whole earth. The events of the times indicated that this period was fast approaching; and it would come as soon as the Latter-day Saints were prepared for it and before the majority of the world were ready. The world were beginning to doubt the coming of the Millennium, because they knew not God, and the spirit of iniquity was increasing in the earth. The Gospel, which had been removed from the earth, had also been again restored in this age. An angel had come and bestowed the authority to administer in the Gospel ordinances, as predicted by the Apostle John. This restoration of the Gospel had taken place as the preparatory work to precede the coming of Christ. God had sent forth His warning voice, and set His hand to establish His kingdom. All things testified of the nearness of the consummation of all things declared in Holy Writ, when the millennial reign of peace will be ushered in.

There had been many men inspired by the Almighty at various times, even in the dark ages, and these men came out as reformers, as leaders in thought and action in their days. But the angel who was to restore the Gospel and the authority of the Holy Priesthood came not to them. He did come, however, to Joseph Smith, who was the man raised up to perform the necessary work. That Gospel is now being proclaimed to the world by the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. And its proclamation would be continued, for this was the mission of the Saints, who went forth with authority. Let the Saints rejoice and live pure and upright lives and be true in their integrity, that they may receive salvation in the glory typified by the sun. The work was attended with sacrifice. "Those who live godly in Christ Jesus must needs suffer persecution." Since the speaker went on his mission three years ago, the feeling of persecution against the "Mormons" had become intensified. But notwithstanding all this "Mormonism" was the truth of heaven. It might be necessary for the Saints to be scourged. The work of God was progressing rapidly. It would continue in its advancement until His purposes were accomplished. He would not be thwarted by the adversary, but would support those who loved Him, and would bring them off triumphant. They were His children and He would maintain those who loved Him. It was eternal life to know Him and His Son Jesus Christ. Men could not know Him if they continually rejected His Gospel. Those who did receive it